

Westmoreland comes out: invading the GOP Solzhenitsyn, Ezra Pound & other 'symbols'

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SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

OSCEOLA

What's City Hall got to hide?



Campbell



Freeman



Ouzts



Reese



Durham



...not all that much, really...

by Dick Harpootlian

"The next item on the agenda is the appointment of several individuals to various boards and agencies."

City Manager Gray Olive drones on as the members of Columbia's City Council comment to each other. The prevailing atmosphere is informal, since this is just a preliminary session designed to brief Council members and the press on business which will be discussed at the formal meeting scheduled to begin in half an hour.

And we are to consider so-and-so for the such and such board and so-and-so for the other vacant seat. Olive, unperturbed by, or perhaps unconscious of, the discussion crackling around him, continues.

Another name is mentioned by Olive. Mayor John Campbell perks up, stops mumbling through teeth clenched tightly on an unlit pipe and asks, "What color is he?"

Olive stops and gives a sheepish grin—first to Campbell and then towards the press. Councilman Bill Durham indignantly points out, "I don't think that matters."

Olive looks back to Campbell and admits he doesn't know the man's color. Campbell, in a jovial, joking manner, asks where where the appointee lives and someone ventures a guess. "Uhummm," says Campbell, and gives an "I was just funnin'" look to the press.

It was an uncomfortable moment, but since there were no blacks present to be insulted, what harm was done? John let one slip, but we're one big happy family here, everything's okay, right?

And perhaps that's the key to the upcoming City Council Democratic Primary on Tuesday (February 26): it's just one big happy family and they're not about to disrupt the domestic tranquility by adopting any bastard brothers.

"The way I see it is that the Council is a sort of exclusive club and paying your dues isn't the criterion for

(Continued on page six)

osceola

"This script, it seems to me, is the work of professionals who yearned to be as charming as inspired amateurs can sometimes be."

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
"Between Time and Timbaktu"

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from Washington

Jackson's charge

To my amazement I found myself defending Richard Nixon the other day. For one who thinks he ought to be impeached this was a strange experience. (I almost caught myself looking 'round to see who was doing it.) Things are becoming so topsy-turvy in this city that anything can happen. A Harris Poll, for example, says Mr. Nixon's popularity is down to 30 percent, his lowest point. But it also says that the rating of the Democratic Congress is even lower; it's down to 21 percent. A good many things are breaking loose from their moorings here in all sorts of places.

In this case the assault on the President came from a supporter of Sen. Henry (Scoop) Jackson, the Democrat from Washington who is the favorite Republican candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. Jackson is a short, energetic, likeable man. There is a direct, disarming, folksy quality about him which is quite attractive. He's no great shakes as an orator and may put you to sleep. And he's running hard for the Democratic nomination a couple of years ahead of time which just shows how we stretch out our election campaign.

What Scoop says, in brief, is that Richard Nixon is soft on Communism. Crazy? All right, I said things were getting daft. Jackson thinks Moscow is pulling the wool over the President's eyes. And Jackson is also 100 percent for Israel and thinks the Arab pressure is just a Moscow plot. Now there may be some truth in that. But, to Scoop, things are either black or white. He gave 100 percent support for the South Vietnam war. Today he wants a full military build-up, no arms agreement with Moscow save on our terms, distrust of Kissinger and Nixon in their dealings with Moscow, and full use of any obstacles to detente, like a demand that Russia allow unrestricted Jewish immigration, oust the Arabs and make amends to Solzhenitsyn.

The Ivan the Terrible treatment of Solzhenitsyn is the best thing that ever happened to American liberals, Scoop's supporters think -- it reminds them that Russia is a totalitarian state. (The Jackson

thesis is that liberals don't know that.) This is the theme, too, of Jackson supporters Eugene Rostow and Ben Wattenberg who back a Jackson-oriented policy group, Coalition for a Democratic Majority, which is trying to pull the Democratic Party over the conservative ("centrist") side. This also seems to be the goal of the Democrats' National Chairman Bob Strauss.

Jackson's crusade is a token of the Democratic dissension. His strong pro-Israel stand gets support from the Jewish community. He has made good professional use of his Senate chairmanship to lead the attack on the sitting-duck targets, the rapacious oil giants. Somehow or other we haven't been able so far to take the Senator as seriously as we ought, perhaps because we favor detente, or because we haven't adjusted yet to the concept of Richard Nixon being squishy toward Communism.

An American presidential election begins about a year after the previous one ends and runs three years; the present British election would only be possible in America if a full voter registry were compiled from the tax list and kept ready and up-to-date; if our political parties stood for something; if we had a legislature that could reach decisions and make policy; and if the adversary leaders like Messrs. Heath and Wilson were also party leaders and fully indentified in advance.

The 1972 US election probably cost \$300 million. The British election will cost a fraction of that (in a smaller country, of course), and there won't be contributions by ITT, the dairy interests, the oil interests and Howard Hughes. In England it wouldn't be possible to elect a prime minister of one party and stalemate him against a legislature of a rival party as we do frequently. Neither system is perfect, of course; the individual members of the House of Commons have very little say and often vote "just like their leaders tell 'em to." In the current election it seems doubtful that the winner, whoever he is, will get a big enough majority to carry on very long.

On the other hand, there is this to be said about the British system, it won't provide an imperial President who lives alone in the White House and decides by himself whether

to bomb or invade, to impound funds, or to give up tapes. In Westminster there is a plural government, the members of the cabinet are consulted and have independent political strength; there is collective decision making. James Sundquist of Brookings, author of "Dynamics of the Party System," noted recently that in other English-speaking countries executive power rests in plural cabinets and that even in Russia there is the Politburo. Nations have learned through the centuries, he says, that "to entrust power to one man is inherently dangerous...In almost every organization the restraint of collective decision-making is forced upon the leader." In Washington alone, he says, the Cabinet member has been downgraded to the status of field commander, to get and execute orders. Much of his former power is held by the ambitious presidential staff. The President is in *command*; it is like the military; it is appropriate that H.R. Haldeman, "the Prussian", has been replaced as chief of staff by Alexander Haig, a retired general.

Yes, the British system, like Canada's, has flexibility. To get rid of a collapsed leader you don't have to behead him, like a King, or impeach him, like a President. You just have a three-week election and displace him, or not, as the electorate sees fit. America is the one great democracy without this device -- this fire escape.

Notes: While we're praising Mr. Nixon, we think he and Kissinger are taking the right tack in the third great global economic crisis of the century; in the energy conference here last week they did not revert to Smoot-Hawley (1930) isolationism, but took the Marshall Plan (1947) model of collaboration...Betting here is that present \$10-a-barrel Arab oil is unrealistic and will be down by year-end to \$8...Everybody loves exasperating France, but, as Kissinger told a closed Congressional session, "The French have had this unparalleled facility for 150 years, to work against their own self-interest"...Mr. Nixon's proposed trip to Russia in June may come at the height of impeachment; he's laying down a spectacular dare to Congress. ■

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Cheap Shots

Quotes of the Week

"Public service jobs are probably the least profligate users of energy and natural resources that we know of."

—Rep. Henry Reuss of Wisconsin

"I'm a socialist, and I believe wealth should be spread around."

—UCLA basketball star and millionaire-to-be Bill Walton

It's what you say, not just how you say it. Margie Plyler found that out last week when she got a little upset over the sentence Circuit Court Judge Julius B. "Bubba" Ness had given her son.

Before Mrs. Plyler got to the courthouse on February 11, Judge Ness (affectionately known by some practicing attorneys as South Carolina's own "hanging judge") sentenced her 22-year-old son to six years in jail for selling drugs. When she sat down in the court room, the man sitting next to her told her about the sentence.

"Well, I'll be a son-of-a-bitch," Mrs. Plyler told reporter Ken Webb she replied. "That's what I said and here I am." Judge Ness noted her statement and ordered her to serve a 30-day jail sentence for contempt of court. From her cell in the Lancaster County Sheriff's office-jail, Mrs. Plyler admitted she had "done wrong". But she also said the judge ought to let her go home to her husband and seven children.

The ethics bill proposed for the South Carolina legislature by Sen. Dewey Wise of Charleston got a little attention at the State House last week. Public Voice, a public interest advocacy arm of the S.C. Council on Human Rights, arranged for a Texas legislator to speak to the Senate about similar legislation passed in Texas in 1972.

Rep. Larry Bales, a 33-year-old attorney from Austin, Texas, offered his testimony before the Rules Committee of the Senate, which is presently considering the bill. Bales pointed out to the legislators that after major scandals in 1971 involving Texas state officials, "candidates for public office came out of the woodwork and ran their campaigns on reform platforms." Bales said that a strong ethics code would help prevent the same type of political scandals in South Carolina which caused Texas officials to lose office in 1971.

There were only four members of the 18-member committee present to hear Bales speak. The four were Sen. Rembert Dennis, Sen. Marshall B. Williams, Sen. Walter Bristow, and Sen. John Drummond. Most of the other members were reportedly attending other committee meetings.

A youthful petitioner for General William Westmoreland was standing behind the Capitol last week attempting to get signatures on a petition supporting the Westmoreland gubernatorial candidacy.

The naive and apparently politically uninformed petitioner walked up to a stranger and asked him to sign his petition. The stranger got red in the face, pointed his finger in the boy's face and claimed, "Boy, you're backing a loser."

The stranger walked off a few feet as if to leave and then turned around and came back up to the boy, "Listen, why are you backing this man? Do you know he hasn't even been in the state for the past thirty years? Do you know he has never even voted?"

After a few moments of haranguing, the stranger walked off for good. The youngster realized the face of the stranger was familiar, but he couldn't exactly place it for a few minutes.

Felfler

I HAD ALWAYS WORN A WINDOW AROUND MY NECK.



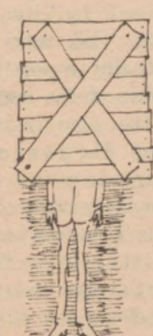
IN GOOD SEASONS I OPENED IT.



IN BAD SEASONS I KEPT IT CLOSED.



IN TERRIBLE SEASONS I BOARDED IT UP.



A DOCTOR WARNED ME THAT WITH A WINDOW AROUND MY NECK I MIGHT DIE OF INEXPOSURE.



SO HE TREATED ME FOR IT.



AND AFTER A TIME I WAS CURED.



I NOW WEAR AN ALBATROSS.

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Then he realized he had just solicited Lt. Governor Earle Morris for a signature on a Westmoreland petition. The kid quit for the day.

In Columbia, it was another interesting week of battle as South Carolina's politico-economic establishment engaged in a new series of rear guard actions against the advancing twentieth century.

The battle raged over two issues high on the establishment's priority paranoia list: collective bargaining for public employees, and single-member district reapportionment.

Opposition to public employee collective bargaining has long been a key element in an overall anti-union strategy. So sensitive has the power structure been to the issue that then-Governor McNair was willing to risk substantially tarnishing his "progressive" image and to jeopardize his aspirations for higher office to put down the 1969 Hospital Workers Strike—with an unrelenting, no-compromise stance throughout the conflict.

McNair's Vietnam, some called it, and last week the analogy was extended when pro-collective bargaining state, city, and county employees came out of the bush and raised their flag once again. In 1999, the front-line union involved in the Charleston strike, was there, as were representatives of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Government Employees (AFSCME), two policemen's groups, the Richland County Hospital Concerned Employees Association, and the S. C. State Employees' Association. Co-convenors of the event were the South Carolina Education Association (SCEA) and the S. C. State Association of Professional Firefighters. The occasion, transpiring for the most part within the spacious halls of the new SCEA headquarters building, was formally entitled, "A Conference on Public Employee Concerns in South Carolina."

The idea the educators and the firefighters were throwing out was a coalition of all public employee groups, both union-like the firefighters, and non-union-like the SCEA, to work for collective bargaining and other favorable legislation in the General Assembly. Leaders of the Coalition of American Public Employees, a national group based on a similar concept, were down to offer organizing assistance. But it was the collective bargaining process that the

participants were specifically interested in; leaders in both sponsoring groups are convinced it is the one common interest around which the largest number of public employees can be rallied in a united effort.

The employee leaders also understand the public prejudices that must be dealt with on the issue of collective bargaining, as well as the willingness of propagandists on the other side to play on those prejudices to counter organizing efforts. As if to reinforce that latter fact of life, emissaries from the power structure were on hand during the conference to warn the ambitious employee groups they would face tough sledding.

"I thought we were coming down here to discuss possible solutions to some of the problems of public employees," tut-tutted state Labor Commissioner Ed McGowan, who is also former treasurer of the state Democratic Party. "Now it seems that you people have already agreed to form a coalition." Jeez, what a rotten trick.

Predictably, McGowan was down on both a coalition and collective bargaining. The legislature just ain't willin', said Ed, and besides, "If there is a (collective bargaining) law, then management and labor are both 'boxed in.'" "That's a helluva lot better than being boxed out like we are now," one of the more cynical fireman quipped later. Equally pointed was the retort of Don Wasserman of AFSCME: "Isn't it funny how the guy that stands on your back today is the one who always tells you not to change things because if you do you are going to get yourself into a box?"

Equally arousing of the government employees' ire was the lecture they received from W. Burt Coffin, director of industrial relations for the state Chamber of Commerce. "A main reason for our state's industrial growth has been our favorable, healthy labor climate," instructed Coffin, particularly the fact that we have been free of "labor unrest."

"To give public employees the power to bargain collectively would cause a change in this climate, would reduce our industrial growth, and would not be in the best interests of our state or its citizens," said the C of C spokesman.

Norman Kithcart, president of the Concerned Employees Association at Richland Memorial, told Coffin that his statement "was like somebody spitting in your face. I'm saying we as public employees are getting tired of being stepped on." Added firefighters leader David Holder to the applause of the

conferees, "I'm just sorry the Chamber of Commerce is so blind to the needs of the state's public employees."

As the affair was getting underway Thursday night, SCEA president Richard Fowler was bemoaning the lack of press coverage the groups' meeting had received thus far. Attendance had been sparse at a press conference announcing the convocation some days earlier, and Fowler was understandably miffed that none of the daily media were on hand at the Thursday night banquet to hear the keynote call to arms into which the Spartanburg educator had obviously put much time and thought. "Perhaps in the not too distant future, many of us will look back at Valentine's Day 1974 as the beginning of an important succession of events in the history of public employees in South Carolina," Fowler orated, but alas, there were neither cameras nor pens scratching to record his words.

By Friday, however, the dailies had appeared and everybody felt a lot better. The Conference leaders' concern with the media arises from their realization that public education must now be the public employee's major thrust. "We particularly need to get the truth to the public on the question of strikes," Holder emphasized. "Management always uses this as a scare tactic, but the fact is that once our collective bargaining rights are established by law, the major cause of public employee strikes will have been removed. Then we will have adequate grievance procedures; then we can talk about moving to arbitration to rationally settle disputes."

Although the public employees clearly face an extended uphill battle, some establishment politicians are already seeing the writing on the wall. One attendant at the Thursday night banquet, for example, was moderate Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, Rep. Brantley Harvey of Beaufort, who has already endorsed public employee collective bargaining. And in response to a reporter's query about where the issue will go from here, McGowan made this offering for quote of the week: "Every chicken starts with an egg. This is the egg, and sooner or later we are going to have the chicken."

Dismayed by the resurgence of public employee activism the old boys at the State House had absorbed yet another staggering, though not unanticipated blow by week's end. The U.S. Justice Department finally officially declared it was rejecting the

Cheap Shots Continued

House reapportionment plan submitted after last fall's wilting special session.

In the first few hours following Justice's announcement, it became clear that there would not be anywhere near a majority sentiment in the House to appeal the decision. This was since it was virtually impossible to find anyone on either side of the issue last fall to privately argue the plan had a prayer before the Justice Department. In fact, the reapportionment lawyers in the state Attorney General's office had made it clear to the Gressette Reapportionment Committee they didn't feel the Justice Department would buy the plan. Nevertheless, the slim but durable House majority led by Rep. Bobby Kneece, D-Richland; Rep. Carroll Campbell, R-Greenville; and House Speaker Rex Carter, D-Greenville, insisted on maintaining multi-member district version, along with the celebrated numbered seat provision, and hired different counsel to plead their case before Justice.

Does that mean, then, that the entire special session, and the half-million dollars it cost, was just a waste? Not so, says Carter. The effort was in good faith, and besides, the cost would have been the same even if another plan had been drawn and the Justice Department had gone along.

Nevertheless, other legislative business must now be delayed while the General Assembly begins to grapple with the reapportionment problem once more. While the chances for passage of a single-member district plan for the House now look better than ever, the battle is by no means over. This was made clear in a recent secret strategy huddle, attended by Kneece, Gressette, Governor West and the lawyers for the House, Terrell Glenn and Heyward Belser. The consensus in the meeting was to try to push for any one of a series of modified plans including some subdivision, but short of a pure statewide single-member district apportionment.

As Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, which will be the first group to

consider the new legislation, Kneece has probably had enough support on the committee to vote out a watered-down, give-as-little-as-possible version. The pro-single-member-district forces claim to have the votes now to win on the House floor, however, that remains to be seen.

Time is also a crucial factor at this stage. Getting a new plan passed and approved by the Justice Department in time to make logistical preparations for primary and general elections will be tight. State Elections Commissioner James Ellisor is already complaining that it would be "virtually impossible" to make the necessary changes in the electoral machinery, even if they started now. To be sure, if the General Assembly attempted to draw another unacceptable plan, and Justice Department rejection occurred once again, there would be a real danger that no elections for state House of Representatives would be held in 1974 at all.

The man who was a key leader in the single-member district forces, Rep. Ernest Finney, D-Sumter, feels the issue can and will be satisfactorily settled this year. "If you think about it, there is one factor that is going to make the difference this time around. And that is simply that the members of this legislature are just not going to be able to explain to the people why, after three years of dealing with reapportionment, we would continue to waste the taxpayers' money by sending another unconstitutional reapportionment plan to the Justice Department, just to have it rejected again. The time has come to stop playing selfish politics, and to confront reality."

Wednesday, the Judiciary Committee met for the first time to reconsider the dilemma. The members voted out a bill postponing the primary date to August 27, and delaying the filing date for House candidates until mid-July. Committee members would make no speculation as to when agreement might be reached on a new plan for submission to the House. ■

Inoperative

A Media Column

Perhaps it's a sign of the times—increased suspicion of government officials, particularly elected officials and greater speculation about validity of government-issued press releases. In the last several weeks, newspapers across the state have not hesitated to express their opposition to a proposed "Public Information Office" for the South Carolina General Assembly.

Editorials calling the office unnecessary or a waste of taxpayers' money have come not only from some of the state's major dailies, but from weeklies and semi-weeklies in Lake City, Easley, and elsewhere.

Read for the first time in the Senate last October 16, the bill was passed by the upper chamber Jan. 24 in a 30-2 vote. Earlier this week it was still in the hands of

the House Labor, Commerce, and Industry Committee.

According to the version passed by the Senate, the bill would create a public information office to be headed by a director of information. The director of information would serve "at the pleasure" of the legislative leadership. Function of the office would be "to provide information concerning activities of the General Assembly to the news media and the general public with particular emphasis on the dissemination of such information to news media agencies that do not have regular staff coverage in Columbia." The bill contains no provision on how much should be spent to publicize the activities of the state's 170 legislators.

Such an offer to help the news media, particularly the smaller papers without state correspondents might appear

rather generous, but it got a quick direct "no thanks" from the state's newspapers. Calling the director of information a "public relations specialist," *The Lake City News and Post* said "newspapers don't want any 'canned copy' from the legislature at the taxpayers' expense and for the good of the politicians."

(An editorial first published in *The Journal* (West Columbia) and later reprinted in *The Progress* (Easley) said "no newspaper which conscientiously serves its reading public should be expected to print spoon-fed propaganda from a legislature admittedly interested in improving its own image." Calling the bill passed by the Senate "too broad," *The State* questioned the need for such an office and called on the House to restrict its duties if it "thinks the new job is needed."

Two smaller dailies, *The Sumter Daily Item* and *The Columbia Record* were a little more emphatic. The *Item* called the bill "a thinly-disguised piece of flackery and licensing for propaganda... It should be given a swift and early burial by the House of Representatives." In the *Record's* opinion, "There is no need, whatsoever, for a public relations office to promote and advertise their legislative deeds."

Newspaper criticism of the bill seems to focus primarily on three basic points; cost of the proposal to taxpayers, the argument that papers would not want to use material from a "propaganda" office; and the questionable need for such a program.

The extent to which the first point is valid criticism is still unclear. Funding for the office has not been specified nor has the size of the program's staff. Some editorials have theorized, however, that to serve 170 legislators would require a considerable amount of money.

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Some have argued that any use of public funds to finance such an operation would be a waste, but, then again, some critics say a lot of other legislative expenditures are also a waste of tax money.

The second argument, that papers would not want to use material from an information office sounds good, but based on what appears in print it is not completely true. Newspapers, especially the rural weeklies, do use press releases from elected government officials such as Governor West and Senators Hollings and Thurmond. In what was perhaps an ironic coincidence, *The Easley Progress* ran Rep. Henry Floyd's "Legislative Report" the same day it reprinted the *Journal* editorial quoted above.

The third argument, that of whether the office is needed, stems to some extent from the major papers and wire services' pride in the quality of coverage they already offer of the legislature. At least in part, their reactions were a defensive move in response to comments from Sen. Thomas Smith, D-Florence. Leading the argument for passage of the bill, Smith said, "There are only five or six newspaper reporters covering the General Assembly who are qualified for that function." Such an argument couldn't be expected to sit well with capital reporters, some of whom may have egos as big as some of the legislators they are supposed to cover. One reporter said, "that makes one qualified reporter for every qualified senator." Another said anonymously in a story by Doug Mauldin in *The Greenville News-Piedmont*, "I thought there was just one qualified reporter here," obviously referring to himself.

Mauldin reported the veteran wire service reporter made the comment "with a laugh," but the question remains why the state's newspapers jumped on this particular effort by government officials to regulate

As Hugh Gibson, special assignments editor for *The Charleston News and Courier* reported in a column February third, "In attempting to set up its own propaganda operation, the legislature is, of course, simply following a trend. Every major agency or institution now has

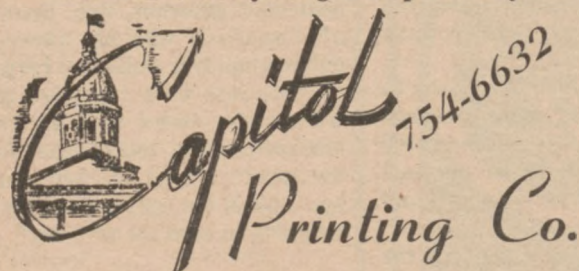
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Westy's coming out party

by Jon Buchan

The ostensible purpose of the Tuesday night gathering at the Shrine Temple out in the Columbia suburbs was to honor Second District Republican Representative Floyd Spence. The big name speakers had been lined up and all the lesser lights of the Republican Party promised to be on hand to let ol' Floyd—one of the early Democrats to make the switch to the Republican Party—know how much they appreciate him. Sen. Strom Thurmond was on the billing, along with ex-Presidential aide Harry Dent, Sixth District Representative Ed Young, Representatives Jim Martin from Charlotte and Bill Young from Florida. Former New York Yankee, and present USC baseball coach Bobby Richardson strolled in. Silas McMeekin, the chairman of the board of SCE&G hosted the head table, Ken Powell said a few words, Lexington County Sheriff James Metts waved, and even the seeming omnipresent Mayor Billy Jennings of Bennettsville—a new party convert—stood up and made a bow.

And beyond the ostensible purpose of the gathering? Well, the real drama Tuesday night centered on General William Westmoreland, alleged non-partisan who says he's "considering" making a run this year for the governor's seat, but hasn't decided yet which party he's running with. And he's playing his role as coyly as a rich and naive male virgin being fought over by two \$10-a-throw prostitutes. Tuesday night he made his first appearance at a partisan Republican party function.

Westmoreland and his wife arrived on time and took their seats at the center of the head table, just under the speaker's podium. Party dignitaries and guests came by in small groups and shook the general's hand as he rose to stand almost at attention to greet them. He was smiling and seemingly enjoying himself, apparently as comfortable among his newfound friends as he would be at the Officers' Club.

The dinner planners had expected only 500 guests and were unprepared for the 1,200 or so who showed up, \$10 tickets in hand. Apparently these Republicans weren't buying the scare talk coming from the media about the ominous effects of Watergate as evidenced by the loss of the traditional Republican congressional seat in Gerald Ford's home district just Monday. The line was still long outside the doors when the hosts announced that the food had run out and asked the unfed guests to

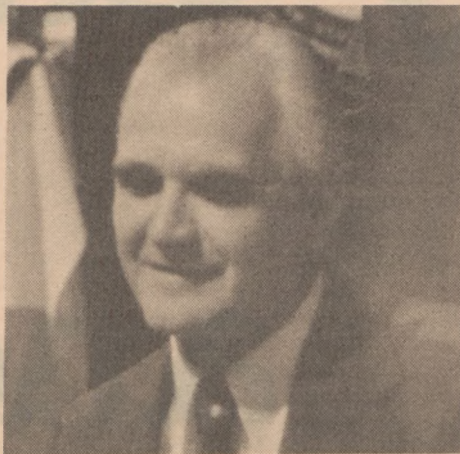
be seated. "We didn't expect so many guests to show up from the rural areas," was the stock explanation whispered among the planners.

The Reverend Dermon Sox moved to the podium to offer the invocation, but after the heads were bowed and the prayer begun, nobody remembered to turn off the jazzy Muzak in the background. It gave an added perspective to his pleas for guidance et cetera—he stopped just short of praying for more gasoline.

With the show finally ready to start, master of ceremonies Tucker Weston announced that the honored object of the dinner—and the rest of the Washington crowd—had been detained and was presently in the air near Columbia. They were expected within the next 30 minutes. That gave time for a whole new round of hand-shaking. Charleston state senator Jim Edwards—who is threatening to fight Westmoreland for the Republican nomination—had arrived and moved around the huge room shaking hands, but carefully avoiding the center ring where sat Westmoreland.

Edwards has found himself in an unenviable position, not unlike that of a quiet, loyal, bespectacled clarinet player in the high school band who suddenly finds his girl friend batting her eyes and flirting with the handsome soldier who just came "home" from the war. He sat along the wall, spoke quietly with various friends and supporters, and accepted the applause offered when he was introduced. But he had to listen while they clapped long and loud for Westmoreland—a man who says he isn't even sure he wants to be a Republican. The crowd seemed Westy's for the taking. Sure, they seemed to say, we'll take Jim in a pinch, but we'll dump him in a second if a glamour boy like Westmoreland makes a move. (Edwards slipped out before the major speaking got underway).

A few more introductions by the m.c. and then finally the bigwigs arrived. Spence, Thurmond, and party took their seats and Ken Powell stood up to speak briefly. He talked about how he and Floyd had fought the Republican battles back in the early 1960's when times were tough. "Do you remember," he rhetorically asked Spence's wife Lou, "When it wasn't popular, when we didn't know it was going to happen? Do you remember how 10 years ago we went out to the mill gates and they tore up the pamphlets in our faces?"



Westmoreland

Can you believe it now?" He looked out over the overflow crowd. "And now there's no opposition." (Powell referred to the fact that Spence had no Democratic Party opposition in 1972 and will apparently have none in 1974.)

Harry Dent introduced Thurmond with a joke or two about the Senator's renewed potency since he switched from the Democratic to the Republican Party in 1964. Strom smiled weakly while the crowd laughed. Dent dwelled on the increasing Republican party strength across the state and referred to recent "unreleased polls" from the Sixth District which showed that the "Democrats are wasting their time trying to run against Ed Young." And then there was Thurmond.

Thurmond spent most of his talk explaining how he was more comfortable with the Republican party since the Democratic Party stopped standing up for states' rights and other such things. And he said he was sure the Republican political positions were more in keeping with those of most South Carolinians than were those of the Democrats. "What do you have in common with (Sen. Walter) Mondale or (Sen. Hubert) Humphrey or (Sen. Gaylord) Nelson? They are all out in left field." And he looked down at Westmoreland sitting not five feet away from the podium. "And I'm proud to see, if he runs on either ticket, the future governor of South Carolina." Which could be a pretty interesting statement in the unlikely event that Jim Edwards ends up as the Republican nominee.

Bill Young, a flashy young Republican from Florida spoke next, on topics including toilet paper, the national debt, the Nixon tapes, "the great people you

meet in politics," and eventually a long-winded discussion of the energy bill which Congress didn't pass. A few stomachs were beginning to growl among those who had not been fed.

And finally there was Floyd, as good and honest as apple pie, the goodest of boy of them all, and twice as humble as any four other men put together. And not a bad politician to boot. He told the crowd there are some good people—just like them—in Washington running this country. "But we've got some kooks, too." He explained how he tried to keep the country's military secure and alert. And he told them how he did his best to save their tax dollars and have them wisely spent. "I vote 'no' so many times to save your money, that the other day I voted 'yes' to adjourn and for a second, I was scared about what I had done."

And Floyd wowed 'em. He even turned the tables on the hushed crowd that had come to wish him well. "This appreciation dinner isn't for me. It's in your honor." That brought an immediate crash of glasses in the kitchen. It was a pretty good line, even for a politician. And Spence recovered from the accidental interruption: "I knew that would bring it down." And then the crowd brought it down with a long, standing ovation.

It was hard to know what it all meant. Bobby Richardson unexpectedly announced he wasn't going to run for the Fifth District seat soon to be vacated by Tom Gettys. Floyd Spence came away smiling and happy and with evidence of more political muscle than he'll need to flex this year, at any rate. And General Westmoreland, well, he just smiled and said he was at the dinner at the invitation of David Robinson, his cousin. Westmoreland pretended to ignore the "Draft Westmoreland" petitions being passed around at the door and said, "I hope there is no implication to this," in reference to his attendance at the Republican dinner.

According to the General, he is still not a candidate for governor. But the distinction between his "candidacy" and his "non-candidacy" seems these days to be about as subtle as the difference between such memorable old terms as "invasion" and "incursion". Either way, his object seems to be winning the hearts and minds of the people.

Inoperative

(Continued from page four)

such an office usually well-staffed and handsomely paid to present its doings and top officials in the best possible light."

Sometime soon the House will have its chance to debate the merits of the proposed office. What it will do with the bill following the barrage of editorial comment remains to be seen, but events should provide a textbook battle of government vs. press. Especially interesting in an election year.

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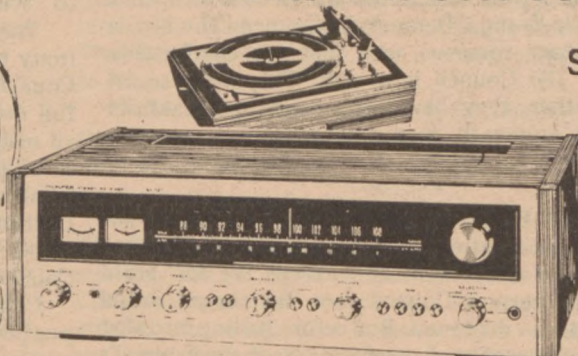
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City Council

and

The Politics of



'All the Council members live on the same block, but on the same damn block. When it comes down to supporting one candidate over another they don't look to issues or ideology or anything else except whether or not they're going to feel comfortable with the person.'

continued from page one

admission," one source close to the Council said recently. "Why, all the Council members live on the same damn block, not just close to each other, but on the same block. When it comes down to supporting one candidate over another they don't look to issues or ideology or anything else except whether or not they're going to feel 'comfortable' with the person."

"Take the South Carolina Municipal Association's convention here last year. Since Columbia was the host city, the City Council had the responsibility to act as the host council. The wives of the Council members and the mayor's wife held functions for the other municipal officials' wives. I mean, if you're going to entertain, wouldn't you rather do it with someone who's your friend, someone from your social group or strata?"

To prove his theory the source pointed to the special election held last April to fill the seat vacated by Welch Morrisette, who ascended to County Council in the 1972 elections. "You had Republican Bill Durham and Democrat Franchot Brown. Brown, an extremely competent lawyer and a Democrat ideologically as well as politically, is black and thus his social friends are black. Bill Durham grew up in Columbia, attended school with Mayor Campbell's son and is felt by the Council to be one of *them*, at least on a social level. Durham won, not because the Council opposed Brown, but perhaps because they were just loathe to support an outsider. So a Republican was elected with what amounted to help from a Democrat Council. The key is their desire to have someone who they are comfortable with, because the Council is a club. They have social functions together, they have early morning breakfasts together, and generally regard themselves as an elite fraternity of sorts."

So Franchot Brown was black-balled because the Council had reservations about socializing with him? Sounds pretty far-fetched, and except for the proof exhibited in the current Council race, the theory would probably have to be dismissed. But before getting into that any further, perhaps a brief examination of the Council's duties and responsibilities would prove useful.

In 1949 the voters of Columbia chose to replace its old commission form of government with the council-manager plan. Under this plan the voters choose a city council which appoints a trained executive as chief administrator. The mayor is elected for a term of four years with an annual salary of \$6,000. Four councilmen are elected for four year terms with annual salaries of \$3,000. The terms of the councilmen are staggered so that two of them come up for re-election every two years.

On the first and third Wednesdays of each month, the Council grapples with the issues in the conference room on

the third floor of City Hall. Headlines like "Sediment Basin Bid Accepted" and "Council Bans Bake Shop Parking" indicate the crucial issues the Council feels are facing Columbia.

The "biggie" issue of this year grew out of Council's practice of having unannounced meetings or discussing matters at their regular meetings which were not included on the printed agenda—if anyone had bothered to draw up an agenda.

On January 23, *The State* newspaper began its news story on City Council with the following paragraph:

Columbia officials are apparently reneging on a pledge to notify area news media of closed sessions of city council.

The "pledge" the story spoke of was just verbal up until that point, but on February 6, the Council adopted a stance on the most burning issue of the year. The motion which Council adopted read:

The city manager may, if time permits, give notice, before or after, to the news media that a conference meeting will be held (or was held) pursuant to law without stating the specific matters to be discussed.

The motion also stated that meetings should be held in keeping with the Freedom of Information Act. Republican Councilman Bill Durham argued that the word "should" ought to be substituted for "may" in the portion defining the manager's duties, but his efforts were to no avail. As Mayor Campbell had said in an earlier meeting, he objected to "tying ourselves down like this."

The previous month the Council had revealed the true irony of its stance on the openness issue. On December 14, Councilman Durham made a motion which amounted to a full disclosure measure for the Council. Under his motion all matters to be discussed at a Council meeting would have to be placed on the agenda well in advance of the meeting to allow more time to study and consider all the matters. Durham also proposed that any item not on the agenda could be discussed only after unanimous approval of the Council.

Councilman Robert E. Lee (Bob) Freeman then proposed that they delay consideration of Durham's motion until a later time because "the Council feels they know what's best for the city and it just complicates matters to have to have a rigamarole to go through everytime they want to do something."

Perhaps there is some rational basis for the Council's view. In May of last year the Council held a public hearing on the proposed \$28.3 million city budget to which no one came. The Council and the press waited for John Q. Citizen to make his appearance and lambast the Council for the seven million dollar increase over the previous year's budget, but John Q. apparently just didn't care.

As further proof, in 1970 John Campbell was elected Mayor after running unopposed in the election; as of now,

he is still unopposed this year. In 1972, 617 Columbians turned out to re-elect Councilmen Jesse T. Reese and William Ouzts in their bid in that uncontested election.

The Council hasn't been totally neglected, though. Attention was drawn to the Council in September of 1972 when discussion of a proposed leash-law for the city's dog population grew into a heated debate. Councilman N. Welch Morrisette made a futile, but noteworthy, plea for the city's dog owners. "Every dog should be allowed to run loose until he proves himself vicious by biting someone."

Again in October of 1972, public attention was riveted on the Council during a session in which the Council considered the request of an "adult bookstore" for a business license. Assistant city attorney Tom Lydon informed the Council, "It's been our experience that these places quickly deteriorate into breeding places for crime."

The proprietors of the proposed book store had brought a sample of their wares for the Council to examine. Councilman Morrisette, after examining "The Picture Book of Sexual Love" asked, "You call this art? Why, there's nothing in here but naked pictures."

This week the Council considered and passed an ordinance which will virtually outlaw the city's numerous massage parlors. Councilman Durham made a motion that the Council delay action on the ordinance until a public hearing could be held. He said, "I don't feel we've had enough public input and I don't think we should impose our own moral standards on the city."

Durham couldn't even get a second for his substitute motion, though, and the ordinance passed four to one. Robert E. Lee Freeman, in opposing delay on the action, argued that the Council had already had enough public input and that time was of the essence.

So it is fairly apparent that the Council operates like a well-oiled machine. Chugging along without the inconvenience of explanations or public input. Perhaps that's the key to efficient government: as little public disclosure as possible. As long as the governors have integrity, the governees can sit back and leave the driving to them. It's the best of both worlds.

Next Tuesday's Democratic primary may well culminate one of the dullest campaigns in the city's history. Of the three candidates, only one is doing any overt campaigning. Two of the candidates, in fact, seem to be doing everything in their power to avoid inciting the citizens to vote.

Retired insurance executive and black Columbian I.P. Stanback has done a small amount of advertising in local newspapers and has met with a few city political leaders. That's all. Incumbent Bob Freeman has done the same. Both refused to be interviewed by local television stations and both have been extremely inaccessible to local print media.

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City Council at work

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While *Osceola* has attempted to contact both Stanback and Freeman numerous times in the past week, both have claimed they're too busy to take time out for an interview. They both used the same excuse when requested by WIS-TV to appear on a news program dealing with the upcoming election.

At the Council meeting Wednesday, Freeman told a reporter from *The State* that he was "too busy" to do an interview on Thursday, but he might squeeze in a few minutes after the meeting.



Councilman R.E.L. "Bob" Freeman

When approached by *Osceola* before the Council meeting, Freeman repeated his claim of being too busy, but the following exchange which occurred before the meeting Wednesday indicates what Freeman means:

OS: Well, Mr. Freeman, I just need to ask you a few questions. How about if we talk on the way up to the Council meeting?

Freeman: Well, okay.

Freeman and *Osceola* reporter start to walk down the hall until they are in front of the men's room door. Freeman starts to go in.

OS: Well, Mr. Freeman, do you--

Freeman: You'll have to excuse me but I don't really like to talk on the run.

OS: Well, all right, then when can we get together?

Freeman: You see, I'm very busy.

Freeman starts to enter the door, but is slowed by Mayor Campbell, who is exiting.

OS: How about one question, then? Are you and I.P. Stanback running as a team against Tom Broadwater?

Freeman: Uh, well, no. I will run as a team with whoever wins the Democratic primary with me, but not until then. Now if you'll excuse me.

The door shuts behind Freeman and the conversation terminates.

Tom Broadwater ran for governor on the United Citizens Party ticket in 1970. In 1972 he ran for the House of Representatives from Richland County and, while he lost, he received 22,000 votes in the process. Now he's running for City Council and if he can turn out just a small percentage of the people who live in the city and voted for him in 1972, then he will have the Democratic primary wrapped up. But Broadwater thinks--and says he has proof--that there is a conspiracy to deny him a victory.

"Freeman told me a few weeks ago at the Earle Morris press conference that he and Stanback are running together. They're out to shut me off. They know any controversy between me and them will bring out a lot of votes which they can't control," Broadwater says.

The black lawyer's theory is based on the premise that the powers that be want Bill Durham off the Council with Republican Kirkland Finlay, who has recently announced his candidacy, as his replacement. They also want Freeman back, Broadwater contends.

To achieve this, Broadwater says, they will try to have Stanback and Freeman win in the Democratic primary and then they will "turn their guns" on Stanback and Durham in the general election.

"I have reliable information that this is their plan. They will have Stanback elected just to placate the black vote and then knock him off in the general election. Hell, they're putting out information that I'm running against I.P. Does that mean that somehow Freeman is guaranteed a seat? I don't think so. If people are smart they will see that that man (Freeman) has been in office for nearly 12 years and hasn't done nothing for this city except engage in procrastination. It's Freeman and the political hacks that are trying to keep people from turning out for this election."

Broadwater's contention that the other members would rather have Kirkland Finlay than Bill Durham is entirely believable. Durham has proved to be a fly in the ointment for the other members of the Council. Although he's a Republican, he has proposed and supported measures so foreign, so radical to the rest of the Council that his presence has become a festering sore on the clear complexion of Council's business-as-usual. While Bill is a member of the club, so is Kirkland; so Durham is to get the ax.

Another point which supports Broadwater's contention is that Stanback has admitted--while declining press

interviews--that he and Freeman are trying to run a "low-key" campaign. So while Freeman has told *Osceola* that he and Stanback are not partners, Stanback is singing a different tune.

Broadwater says he wishes the campaign could transcend the issue of the campaign and get into matters on which Columbians need to vote. For instance, Broadwater thinks the COATS plan which the Council is using as a blueprint for building Columbia's transportation system is outdated. "We need rapid transit here, not more highways. With the energy crisis the way it is, we need to consider different modes of transportation. For instance, using the present public transportation system in Columbia, the bus, it takes at least two hours to get across town, say from Greenview to Rosewood. Now in New York, by rapid transit, it doesn't take two hours to get anywhere. Is it reasonable that it should take longer to get across Columbia than New York? What we need to do is build free parking lots in the outlying areas of the city and county and then provide reasonable, economic rapid transportation into the city. But no, the City Council doesn't think about that. All they want to do is help and protect their friends around the city."

"The black community is being used by these people," Broadwater says. "I've been told to give money to the political hacks in the key black wards, but I won't stoop to that. Black preachers have been used for ulterior motives. They have been regarded as the key to the black wards. But that key has been used to lock doors as opposed to opening them. But I am hopeful after talking with some of them. They have seen they have been used and what has happened to them."

"What I am opposing is the determination of people in city government to do to us and about us and refusing to work for us and with us," Broadwater says.

To Broadwater and many others, the issues are clear. The Club with its close-knit social functions and womens auxiliary has got to be opened up so that all the people of Columbia can share the power. An atmosphere must be created, the challengers believe, where social stature and yes, even color of skin, are irrelevant. The issue must not be campaign strategy, but rather the *real* issues, the decisions which spend that \$28 million each year and affect each Columbian every day.

Stanback and Freeman have also made their position clear, although in a different manner. They apparently have nothing to gain and everything to lose by saying anything, so mum is the word. Their interests by their own admission are best served by a small turnout next Tuesday. Discussion of the issues could prove fatal to their cause, so they have intentionally created an atmosphere which will leave them as a big question mark in most citizens' minds.

It's simply the politics of obfuscation.

The Arts

Two governments: a comparison

by Gary Ligi

AUTHOR'S NOTE: For the quoted material on Ezra Pound, I am indebted to Charles Norman's excellent and highly readable biography entitled *Ezra Pound* (Minerva Press, 1969).

Ezra Pound was born in Hailey, Idaho, in 1885, lived for 87 years, and died in Italy. In between he was at least partially responsible for the Imagist and Vorticist movements; the *Egoist* magazine; the original publication of T.S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" in *Poetry*, for which he was foreign correspondent; the version of Eliot's *Waste Land* as it now stands; the "discoveries" of dozens of writers in several different countries, including Lawrence, Frost, Amy Lowell, and Borchert. He was Yeats' personal secretary for a time and introduced the Irish genius to Japanese Noh Theatre. He traveled with Hemingway, challenged Abercrombie to a duel, knew Fitzgerald, Williams, Fletcher, Gaudier-Brzeska, and others, and he was chiefly responsible in arranging for the patronage that enabled James Joyce to compose *Ulysses*. In short, Pound knew almost everyone, had a hand in, and was part of virtually every literary movement worth mentioning during the early part of this century. He was an impressario, a dandy, and --most importantly-- a writer. He translated from nineteen languages and introduced the English speaking peoples to worlds of poetry and imagination they had never known to exist. He wrote poems, essays, histories, "studies" of economics. Quite possibly, his *Cantos* represent the most ambitious poetical epic ever undertaken by a writer of English.

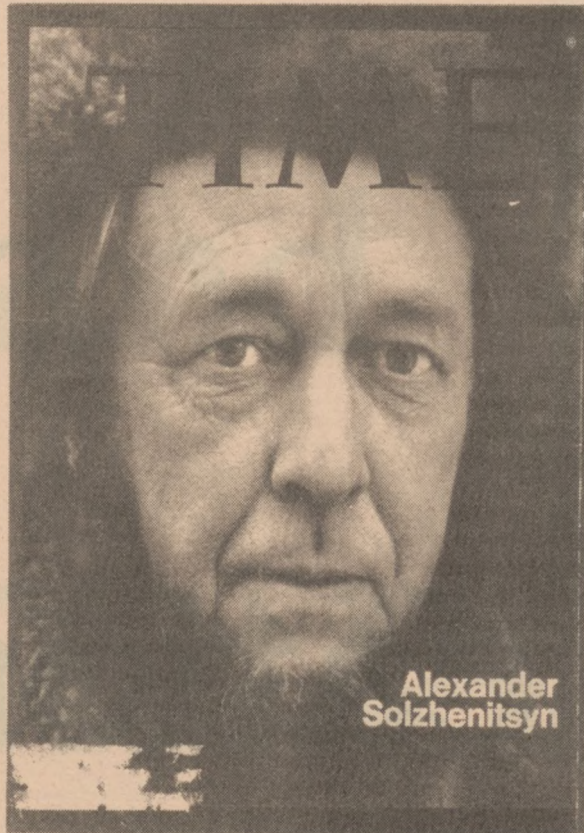
Without a doubt, Ezra Pound was the last great American writer of international renown. Some people loved him, some idolized; some detested this energetic and prolific author of upwards of fifty books. Of his 87 years, he spent less than half in the United States, thirteen of those behind bars in St. Elizabeth's hospital while awaiting trial on charges of treason. Pound had been arrested by the American occupational forces near the end of World War II and imprisoned in a cage made from U.S. Army Air Corps air-stripping. He spent three weeks exposed to the elements before he suffered a total physical collapse. He was allowed only a volume of Confucius, which he was in the process of translating. He was not allowed to speak with his fellow prisoners nor with the guards. These orders came from Washington, he was told. He was also told no one knew where he was.

Pound had been arrested for broadcasting what the United States government termed Fascist propaganda over the Italian radio network. He had previously been arrested for broadcasting what the Italian government termed coded messages to the United States. Both governments' charges were based on the same material, which included--among other things--audial essays on e.e. cummings, James Joyce, and anti-semitism.

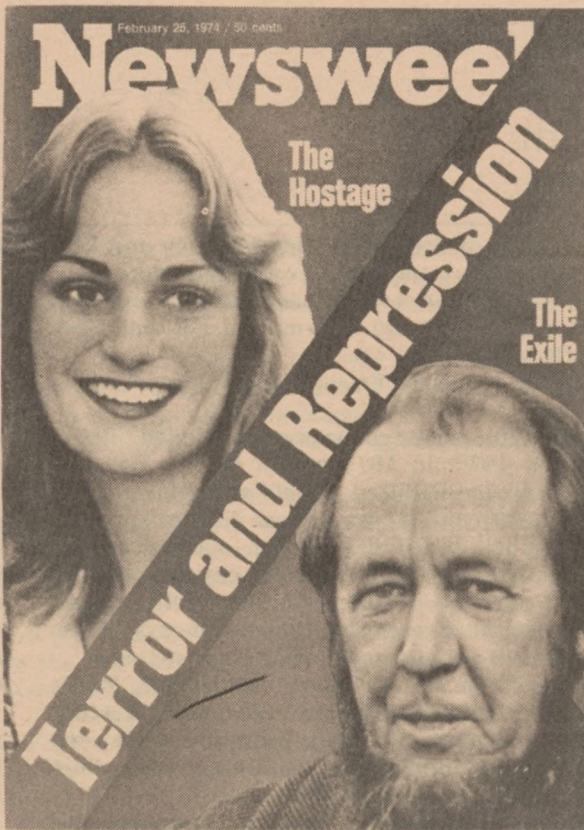
If not for the efforts of Robert Frost and other artists, Ezra Pound most probably would have died in St. Elizabeth's while awaiting trial. As it turned out, he died in Italy--in silence, remaining faithful to the vow he had made when he landed at Genoa to begin his forced exile. Among other things Ezra Pound said that day was this: "Yes, friends, write what you want. The only way not to get it printed in all the newspapers of the world is to write the truth." On a visit to the United States to receive an honorary degree from Hamilton College, Pound was quoted as saying: "Everything I ever had to say is in my books. Read my books."

Attempts were made to suppress Pound's writings here in the United States. The late Bennett Cerf attempted to keep Pound's poetry from appearing in the Random House Modern Library edition entitled *An Anthology of Famous English and American Poetry*. Saxe Commins, one of the publisher's editors now also dead, explained the omission in these words: "Random House is not going to publish any Fascist. As a matter of fact, we don't think Ezra Pound is good enough, or important enough, to include." The public outcry, both from home and abroad, soon made Random House renege on its "will not" and its "opinion."

The story of Alexander I. Solzhenitsyn has been unfolding since the Soviet Union agreed to the International Copyright Conventions some months ago. From the first it was obvious what was to come. Solzhenitsyn released his *The Gulag Archipelago, 1918-1956*, outside the Soviet Union in direct defiance of Soviet law and the western press jumped all over the "story." Every reading or viewing American waited impatiently for the inevitable consequences. Radio Free Europe began broadcasting *The Gulag Archipelago* behind the Iron Curtain. Western philosophers began clamoring for rights to the book. Alexander I. Solzhenitsyn was arrested for the distribution of anti-Soviet (not anti-communist) materials. He was imprisoned and placed in solitary confinement. He was told the charges against him amounted to treason, for which the maximum penalty is death. Ezra Pound had faced the same maximum penalty. Solzhenitsyn had already spent a number of years in imprisonment and the Soviet leaders,



Alexander Solzhenitsyn



most probably anxious not to reopen old wounds and bring about accusations that Russia was returning to the kind of Stalinism Solzhenitsyn had spoken so eloquently against, decided to expel the author from his native soil. So now the western world has been treated to another media spectacle. Another writer has made a vow of silence: "I have spoken loud and long in the mother land. Here I remain silent." His books are selling like gas. The publishers smile and rake in the profits.

It seems to me that the major presses have missed the point of the Solzhenitsyn story. So have the broadcasting networks, but it comes as no surprise. As a friend of mine remarked the other day: "The only people who argue for freedom of the press are the people who don't own one." Of the many quotes that come to mind concerning Ezra Pound's "crime," two particularly stand out. The first is by e.e. cummings, the second by Conrad Aiken.

Every artist's strictly illimitable country is himself.

An artist who plays that country false has committed suicide; and even a good lawyer cannot kill the dead. But a human being who's true to himself--whoever himself may be--is immortal; and all the atomic bombs of all the anti-artists in spacetime will never civilize immortality.... For his tragic predicament he has of course only himself to blame, and like anyone in the same situation he must alone take the consequences. That he knew this he made quite apparent on his arrest, when he remarked that if a man values his beliefs he values them enough to die for them, and if they are worth having at all they are worth the speaking out. In my own opinion Pound is less traitor than fool: his political infatuations or obsessions led him by

insensible degrees across international borders; the internationalism that always marked his poetry began increasingly to stamp his political thinking; and now he finds himself under charge of treason for having, according to his own queer lights, betrayed a particular society of men in the abstract.

Both of these quotes apply perfectly well to the situation and predicament that Solzhenitsyn in which has recently found himself, especially when one considers the following remark which most commentators and journalists chose either to slur over or twist into a condemnation of the Soviet regime: "Where there is a great writer in a country, that country has two governments."

The point is this: the government of a great writer is government of one. It is a government of imagination, personal integrity, and isolation. It does not set itself up as opposed to the government of the land or in support of it. It simply is, in and of itself. The artist, therefore, eventually finds himself at odds with all governments and makes the choice either to speak completely from his first person consciousness and ignore the outside governments or ardently strive to criticize the outside governments by presenting his beliefs and his life style as evidence of the existing alternatives. When an author chooses the second route, he leaves himself wide open to exploitation so that some will make him a martyr, others a fool, and the majority will continue to not give a damn. Take, for example, Senator Henry Jackson's recent attack on Mr. Nixon's silence concerning Solzhenitsyn. Senator Jackson contends that a fundamental concern for human rights should outweigh and/or influence our current policy of detente. The Soviet Union's treatment of Solzhenitsyn is inexcusable, the senator argues, but I wonder what his opinions might be regarding a neophyte Solzhenitsyn named Brown or Black or White or Smith writing in Seattle about his own prison experiences here in America stemming from his refusal to comply with the draft. The case, clear and simple, is that Solzhenitsyn's crime is the same crime each writer who has ever heard the following remarks commits: "Why can't you write about the pretty things? Why are you always so down on everything? If you don't like anything here, why don't you just get out?"

I have heard these remarks--after public readings, after lectures, in letters to *Osceola* about my writings here, in the evaluations of my classroom techniques in connection with the Total Arts Program. I'd be willing to bet that many of the same people who object to my personal government (which is not to say I consider myself a great writer--all writers, great and not-so-great, have formed their separate governments), that these same people are probably appalled at the Soviet Union's treatment of Solzhenitsyn, another writer whom they probably will never read, like Pound, like God knows how many others. I can't begin to recount how many times in the past couple of weeks I have heard someone say something like: "Hey! I just bought a copy of *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, you know, the book by the Russian guy they're going to shoot."

"Yeah. But have you read it?"

"Not yet. Haven't had the chance."

The questions in the Solzhenitsyn story aren't of freedom of speech and freedom of the press. I've read and listened to editorials claiming that Solzhenitsyn's expulsion foreshadows the total annihilation of dissent in the Soviet Union, that the Russian loss is a Western gain, that once more we in the United States can thank our gods that freethinkers here don't have to face such monstrous repression and harassment. But, it seems to me, that as long as human beings continue to exist with brains that can think, they will continue to find something to be dissatisfied with--regardless of race, religion, sex, or nationality. Dissent has not disappeared in this country despite Pound's expulsion, Eldridge Cleaver's exile, Fred Hampton's execution, the Vietnam Veterans Against the War frame-ups, the entrapments, Timothy Leary's imprisonment, et. cetera, etc. The Russian loss is no gain to a people who can't or will not read what a writer has to say. What we have done to our own writers is very bit as sickening as what the Soviets have done to theirs. The treatment doesn't vary much from country to country. Garcia-Lorca was executed on the whim of the local constabulary in Spain. Cavafy died with a hole cancer had eaten out of his throat while trying to tell a priest to get the hell out of his room and let him die in peace.

And what about freedom from harassment and suppression and repression? How many books written by Americans had to wait for years before they were allowed in the country? How many writers were called before the House Un-American Activities Committee during McCarthy's heyday as suspected Communists? And there are littler, more subtle ways of going about it. Kurt Vonnegut's book, *Slaughterhouse Five*, a novel about American atrocities during the second World War, is banned by local school boards, even burned in some places. A poet friend is arrested for selling popcorn at a theatre showing

(Continued on following page)

"...the government of a great writer is government of one. It is a government of imagination, personal integrity, and isolation. Eventually he finds himself at odds with all governments..."

(Continued from previous page)

Deep Throat.

"Hey, man, I'm only selling popcorn," he said. He got 30 days. Another poet was treated like a visiting dignitary when Mexican border guards noted that he had listed his occupation as "poet" on his visa during a recent vacation. On his re-entry into Texas, American border guards detained him for more than six hours while they searched every cubic inch of his possessions and his person. "You're a poet, huh? You look like a dope-smoking faggot to me, punk" the friendly American border guard said. This same friend was asked by his high school basketball coach after a poem he had written had won a prize from one of the larger magazines: "You ain't turning into one of them funny boys, are you?" Comments come into the Arts Commission regarding my appearance: "The visiting artists could dress and groom themselves more appropriately. We have a hard enough time getting the children to dress properly. The artists should serve as suitable examples." Who's to say what appropriate is for me, or proper—and I am an example, if not theirs, at least mine. Harrassment and repression comes in many shapes and forms. Most artists are done away with by everyday people mundanely clothed in their everyday conventionality, "conservatism," and/or stupidity long before they've had a chance to reach the stature of a Solzhenitsyn or a Pound.

Recently the United States has begun programs aimed at putting artists in the schools. The schools have begun complaining about the artists not fitting into their schedules, not looking or acting the way they should, and just generally not being ordinary, run of the mill teachers. The children have been

responding beautifully, revealing a depth of feeling and worlds of intelligence up to now almost totally ignored—but the principals, the administrators, the bureaucrats, continue to worry about the *appearances* of things rather than things as they appear or are revealed. If the idea is to put charletons into the schools or scribbling businessmen or rhyming teachers, the programs should be labeled accordingly.

But this is a little off the point. Most American writers end up killing themselves anyway. They usually don't need a foreign government to do it for them. They walk out in front of trucks, gas themselves, jump from bridges, swallow the barrels of shotguns. There's almost no need for government suppression here, at least not directly. The indirect methods are enough. The free press. Madison Avenue. An American public educated just enough to say: "What do you know about anything?" and never asking what it knows itself. If an American speaks out, his neighbors slap stickers across the front of his house saying: LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT. Or the media gets ahold of the story and transforms the dissident into a fool. Witness the treatment given Norman Mailer following publication of *Armies of the Night*. The state of American letters has achieved all the prestige of a carnival sideshow.

I asked some of my students what they thought about the expulsion of Solzhenitsyn. "That the Russians are bad people," they almost invariably reply. I try to explain to them that Solzhenitsyn is also a Russian. One boy said, "But only because he was born there." If only I could be sure he understood what he had said, I would think all of my teaching had been worth it. In one class a few months ago, I

asked my students if they thought a woman behind the counter in the local A&P were any different from a woman, say, working in a cooperative in Moscow. Most of them admitted they had no idea of knowing one way or the other, but they guessed there wouldn't be much difference. I then asked the class how many of them believed in the old cliché that "Only in America can a man start at the bottom and work his way to the top." Almost every child agreed that this was true. I pointed out that Hitler almost became the most powerful man in the world and started out as a wall-paper hanger, that Castro was little more than a farmer with a gun, that Stalin was the son of a peasant shoemaker, that Mussolini was the son of a blacksmith, and that very few Americans in any position of power today actually started anywhere near the bottom of the heap. A boy in the front of the class sneered and raised his fist and told me: "You know, you keep talking like that and I can have your job." I told him it was his if he wanted it.

So what about Alexander Solzhenitsyn? The media try to convince me that his silence proves that his family is in danger inside the Soviet Union, that the last vestige of Russian dissent is all but wiped out. But I doubt it. Why hasn't it occurred to any of the geniuses in the free world to take a great Russian novelist at his word? Perhaps, Solzhenitsyn finds it too easy to speak out against the country he loves when his country has disowned him. Perhaps he knows the Western Press had made him a pigeon and he has been exploited beyond any sense of taste, and that everything he says will only serve to sell more books that Westerners will never read but rather casually

place on a coffee table before a cocktail party as a conversation piece and fill the smiling pockets of western capitalists. Solzhenitsyn may be a dissenter, but he is a communist with a communist dream. I doubt Senator Jackson would want him living next door.

Soon, Solzhenitsyn will fade from the news. Already this morning, the *Charlotte Observer* carried less than six column inches on page eleven. The story dealt with whether Solzhenitsyn's archives will be allowed to leave the Soviet Union, Kosygin's restatement that the writer's family will be allowed to join him, and a brief account from the *New York Times Service* in which the following were the last three paragraphs:

In Zurich, Solzhenitsyn briefly interrupted his seclusion Saturday to talk with an admirer who recently emigrated from the Soviet Union.

Solzhenitsyn agreed to see the young woman, who preferred not to be identified, when he arrived Friday because she had brought him lilacs and roses. She also sent the author a note including a saying of the provincial town of Ryazan, where Solzhenitsyn settled in 1956 after his release from prison camp. He emphasized that otherwise he

was not talking to callers.

"I was touched by your saying," the writer said, according to the woman's account. "We have marvelous sayings. They don't have anything like it in the West."

Freedom of the press.

Freedom of speech.

Freedom of education.

They're all just so many words. There is a story somewhere about Alexander Solzhenitsyn, but I doubt it'll ever be treated by the press. Just as there was a story about Ezra Pound. When Ezra died, the radio station in Fayetteville, Arkansas, announced: "Ezra Pound, noted American traitor, died today in Venice. He was eighty-seven." The children in our schools have never even heard of Ezra Pound. The Russians know who Solzhenitsyn is.

ADDENDUM: I finished the preceding editorial essay at about 9 a.m. on Sunday, February 15. Later that evening there was a televised report during which Alexander I. Solzhenitsyn lost his temper with a number of reporters who had been following him around like fleas. "You people are worse than the KGB," Solzhenitsyn told them. A female reporter had just previously addressed Solzhenitsyn as "a symbol of freedom."

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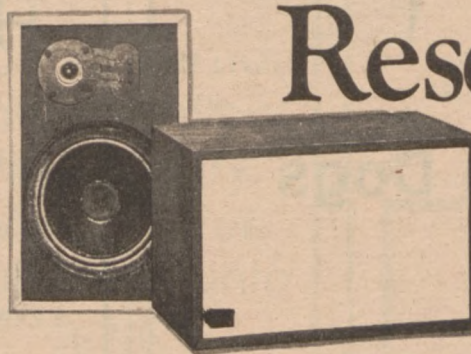
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SERPICO

at the Dutch Square South

Serpico has two terrific assets: emerging superstar Al Pacino (*The Godfather*, *Scarecrow*) and an amazing story to tell.

Serpico was taken from the book by Peter Maas, who also wrote *The Valachi Papers*, and outlines the true story of Frank Serpico's 11 years on the New York City police force. Maas was very intrigued by Serpico who, he says, "was the first to come along to say, 'This is wrong and I'm going to do something about it.' It's more than the story of a cop. It's about a man who just dug in and said he won't go along with the system. Serpico just happened to be a cop. He would have followed the same course if he had had another profession."

Adds Maas, "If society in America is going to mean anything its got to start with a guy like Serpico. He followed his conscience despite enormous pressures." Indeed the only vaguely troublesome aspect about the character of Serpico is that such a person could actually exist at all. He's almost too steadfastly good to be altogether believable. His occasional MCP nastiness helps to redeem his credibility as a real human being.

Serpico wanted to be a cop ever since he was a child. Once he had witnessed a violent domestic quarrel wherein none of the curious bystanders on the street knew what was going on. The only folks who did know were the police who had been called in to put things right. Like everybody else, little Frank Serpico just wanted to know what was going on he decided that the only way to be in the know when he grew up was to become a cop.

But when Serpico does grow up and becomes a cop he finds that having a little knowledge about what is going on is slight



Al Pacino as Serpico

compensation for the destruction of a personal moral "truth": i.e., Policemen are good, honest people who uphold the law and help others. In fact, he finds the opposite is more often the case. Cops are not only in the know but also on the take.

Serpico finds he is almost alone in being an honest cop. A colleague assures him that it's perfectly acceptable to take kickbacks, everybody does it. "Just a little gambling money," he insists. "It's clean, it's not

dope." Besides, he adds, "we'd all feel a lot better (meaning safer) if you'd take your share. Frank let's face it. Who can trust a cop who doesn't take money?" Who indeed?

Convinced that somewhere in metropolitan New York he can find an uncorrupted precinct that is "clean as a hound's tooth," he is as regularly thwarted as Abraham was when he tried to find any good people whatever in Sodom. After failing time and again to find a single precinct where a cop can simply do his job without being pressured into accepting graft, Serpico decides to report the widespread corruption to a sympathetic and influential friend, Inspector McClain, who lends an occasional ear and runs weekend religious retreats for Catholic police officers. McClain informs the police commissioner who in turn assures Serpico that he'll be in touch. Serpico, meanwhile, is to stay put and to collect data.

Serpico is on the hot seat of course. His co-workers on the force are in fact dangerous crooks who fear his honesty. He knows his life is in constant danger if he continues to refuse graft.

But a year and a half passes and he hears from no one. It soon becomes perfectly

clear that he will hear from no one. No one in his chain of command really wants any unfavorable publicity about the widespread police corruption for it exists at all levels -- from the local bagman to the commissioner. Everyone from the commissioner on down quietly bides his time, realizing, no doubt, that if they all simply stall long enough someone will come to their rescue and shoot Serpico.

However, Serpico's moral indignation is deeper than his fear and he remains determined to report the corruption regardless of his personal danger. It is only the threat of intervention from unnamed outside sources (the Mayor? the media?) that forces the police hierarchy and the district attorney on to action. But when they are finally forced to act by this fear of exposure it soon becomes obvious that they intend to do the bare minimum that will placate Serpico and the public by merely throwing to the hounds a few lower echelon crooked cops whom Serpico can personally finger. They stop well short of going to the root of the problem and getting rid of its underlying cause: that sort of mentality and attitude which fails to discourage, or even tacitly encourages, lawbreaking on the part of law enforcers.

Serpico is not a blood and guts escapism drama of exciting police action but rather a story of the frustrations in being a lone honest cop and the impossibility of forcing the police to measure up to one's moral expectations.

One can see some justification for the underpaid cops' need for more money. Living in New York is a very expensive undertaking and many cops have families to support. But \$800 a month on top of salary? And that is just in the precincts where one gets graft from the bookies. In the narcotics precincts "800 is chickenfeed!" Rather it's more like \$120,000 divided among each squad of our narcs.

Though Serpico's "going to outside sources" is scary to the police authorities, those outside sources react in the same ineffectual ways that New Yorkers are not alone in coming to expect. The Mayor (John Lindsay) is nervous about offending his police with a long hot summer and potential riots in the offing. "Maybe in the fall..." The easy and almost inevitable response to the newspaper expose of the situation is equally frustrating: the police commissioner solemnly intones "smear tactics" while attempts are made to discredit and/or get rid of Serpico.

This is not a particularly well-made film. Though the film's public relations boasts that director Sidney Lumet shot on 104 different locations in a week under the already-tight eleven week schedule (that's an average of more than three locations a day for a five-day week), such scheduling appears to be more of a liability than an asset to the finished film. The scenes are often unwieldy, overlong, and unimaginatively edited. Though the film is always exciting, the frustrated viewer also begins to get lost in a confusing middle of events and characters.

The cast is filled with highly competent actors but, like the script, it is simply too large and unwieldy -- 107 speaking parts and innumerable other extras. It is like a movie filled with nothing but well-acted cameo roles. Beyond the role of Serpico, himself, there is a minimum of character development and an over-reliance on type.

Serpico, played by Al Pacino, is one of the highlights of the film. He is perfectly right and highly convincing. Pacino is a truly talented actor who justly deserved his Academy Award nomination from this film, which came this week. He alone is worth the price of admission.

The other chief asset is the story (that is, the situation, not the way in which it was told). Anyone who feels utter frustration in the face of Watergate and the "energy crisis" will find a fellow sufferer in Frank Serpico.

--J. McAninch

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Theatre/The Cage

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THE CAGE

presented at USC Capstone

The Cage is a play written by Rick Cluchey while he was serving a life sentence at San Quentin for armed robbery and kidnapping, and all of the actors in its two touring companies (they travel from state to state via station wagon) are former convicts. The 80-minute drama was performed in the Campus Room at Capstone on Tuesday evening, an item on the program of prison awareness week. After the play there is a short intermission and then a period of "confrontation" between the actors (as themselves) and the audience -- an improvisational question and answer period.

The play as written holds together well and has some splendid moments, but it is the second half of the program, the "confrontation", that may make or break the evening. The issue is not, obviously, theatre. Anyone who would judge the evening solely in terms of the quality of the acting and staging would perhaps turn out to be the kind of mother or father who would spank his three-year-old for singing off-key in the annual nursery school program for parents.

Second, and perhaps most important, the issue of the evening is *not* prison reform, although most of us present will probably never see the political and social question complacently anymore. The real question of the evening, I believe, is the fact that these men are ex-convicts, that they are human, that they will not hurt us. *The Cage* and the discussion afterward should aspire to be no more. Like it or not, the play is significant (to the audience) because the actors are ex-cons. Hopefully it will find a deeper significance in debunking forever our cognitive model of "convict" as someone sleazy and miserable and presenting an immediate physical threat. (I saw the play last spring in San Antonio and one fact repeated in the confrontation there was that only 15 percent of the inmates are incarcerated for crimes against man; the majority are held for crimes against property.) This mental stereotype is so ridiculous as to be embarrassing and I imagine few would admit to thinking spontaneously with it. But I'm convinced that it's the case. Television and movies have a powerful suggestive impact here, of course. Everyone is interested in evil and, if decent and law-abiding, they're sure to be interested in how bad people are possible. Almost all television deals with the problem of "evil" in the framework of cops and robbers and criminal justice. The

prosecuting attorney who does his own detective work is an especially popular predator -- and the criminal is usually wretched and threatening beyond proportion. Social gospel hasn't touched most of our popular fiction which preaches individual morality of the Billy Graham, pick-thyself-up-by-thy-bookstraps variety. So, quite simply, in the face of the above, *The Cage* is about four ex-cons who first present themselves as actors, and then as people, and hope that we'll understand a little of what they've been through.

At the beginning of the "confrontation" a friend of mine asked the following question: "Do you feel that you had a choice? Or were your circumstances such that your time in prison was almost inevitable?" Each actor responded with what must be called a *testimony* of his arrest(s), conviction, sentencing, and time in prison. All of the men (they are young men) were remarkably honest; and what

impressed me more was their sense of nomadic community. None, to be sure, were hardened criminals, and not surprisingly, three of the four, at least, probably should not have been sent up in the first place. Suffice it to say that two were arrested for the sale and possession of marijuana. The third, a black man named Henry Everhart served eleven and a half years for a robbery and murder he knew nothing about. If you ask me how I'm so certain he's innocent I can only answer: you should have been there and heard the man speak.

The Cage and discussion is therefore not so much political theatre as it is a ritual in which each actor presents and buries the stigma of a prison record.

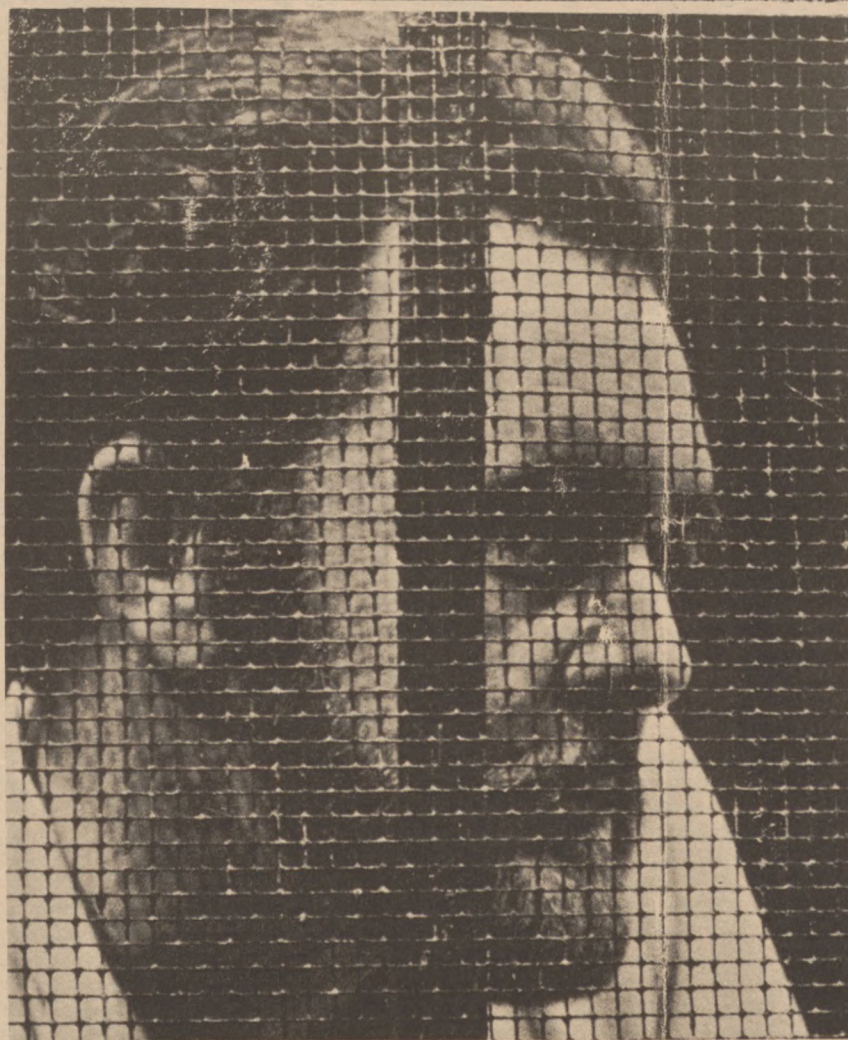
The play takes place in a four-man cell; the only set-piece is a commode in center stage. At the opening there are three inmates: Hatchett, a huge bearded lunatic who dominates the other two with

sporadic displays of utter brute force, and alternately imagines himself as an omnipotent judge and an omniscient priest. Al and Doc, the other two inmates, are sexually entangled and, though bound together by an implicit terror of Hatchett, are viscerally jealous of each other. A young man, Jive, is admitted to the cell, claiming he is innocent of the murder of his girl-friend. Al and Doc rabidly compete for the young man's "favor." Doc seduces the young man's confidence and betrays him with sexual assault. Hatchett reeks terror (and by his insanity mocks religious and courtroom ritual) and finally murders the "innocent" newcomer Jive.

The play works best in the scenes of religious and judicial mockery. Hatchett always presides, he owning a red and black reversible tunic, red for his priestly function and black for his judicial role. These scenes make a remarkable comment: the law of the (prison) cage is the law of the jungle; and since hypocritical society mixes priestly piety and sentient judiciousness, quite subtly, with cruelty, Hatchett can do the same. While watching these scenes, I could not separate the actual (the men) from the virtual (the character and the scene). The young men made fun of the judge; they made fun of the priest. The scenes were less than adequately played and this was almost all for the better, for the pieces came off like clumsy but incisive bits of graffiti.

The Cage desperately needs to be re-staged; the actors, often quite competent, need to be coached for nuance. Fights and violent confrontations should be "choreographed," since here they were left unstylized and tended to get boring. I hope, also, that in the future, the company might take advantage of the opportunities for "confrontation" in the script. I am thinking of the device called *dissemination* in the living theatre: the process by which the actor removes his character mask and faces the audience in his *social* role. There is one speech of Hatchett, for example, spoken directly to the audience, which would be very effective if the actor would use his own voice, and the dramatic action suspended. There are also moments in the mock trial in which the audience become the jurors. This could be utilized, perhaps putting the performers "one-up" on the naturally "prurient" interest of the audience who -- I think inevitably -- will come to see convicts perform.

--Dan Lackey



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EVENTS & entertainments

February 22 - March 1

cinema

If you're thinking about going to a movie, call ahead to verify times and shows. Many area theatres are subject to last minute changes in schedules.

ATLANTIC I-THATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Black Belt Jones will be here for another week, it looks like. Rated R. Shows at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30 p.m.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

Yes, folks, a big double feature with "I Am Curious, Tahiti" (whattttt) and "Sex-capades in Mexico" (home of Spanish fly). Rated X.—shows are continuous from 3:30 p.m.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"That Man Bolt" with Big Fred Williamson will be playing for awhile. The posters look menacing, so have in mind gore and senseless slaughter combined with a lousy screenplay. Times are 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 p.m. Rated R.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"The All-American Girls"—apparently, she likes to make friends...and just about anything or anybody else who has the will or the way. Also showing is "The Debauchers" (well, everybody need a little debauchin' every now and then). Rated X. Shows continuous from 1:00 p.m. Keep the kiddies away!

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1100

"Papillon" is entering its last weekend and will be shortly followed by the "Exorcist" on March 1. If you haven't seen this adventure story (I feel better about it now that it's leaving), go on out there and do it! Rated PG (for violence and deprivation). Shows at 1, 3:35, 6:15, and 9:00 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1100

"Serpico," is a really fine film based on a real life cop in New York City who forced Lindsay to form a committee to investigate police corruption. Starring Al Pacino. Call the theatre for times.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Cries and Whispers" (with five Academy Award nominations) will show at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10 and 9:00 p.m. This is a fantastic film—you owe it to yourself and your understanding of women (if you are a woman—you may learn more about yourself and your sisters than you thought you could ever learn from one film) to see it. Directed by Ingmar Bergman.

The Exorcist starts March 1—so get ready with the crucifixes.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, 796-0022

"Le Sex Shop", the latest offering of the Winter Fine Films Festival, is now showing—and it's dirtier than you think, so run on out and get your laughs (it really IS funny). Directed by the "French Woody Allen". Shows at 1, 2:40, 4:20, 6, 7:40, and 9:20 p.m.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, 796-0022

"A Touch of Class" with George Segal and Glenda Jackson. This is the third showing in Columbia—but it's one of those lovely, classy romances that also has a strange humor (and several Oscar nominations) to its credit. Go on out and see it. Shows at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9 p.m.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Sting" is still holding on. With

Robert Redford and Paul Newman in this film about conmen in the Thirties. Times are 2:20, 4:40, 7:00, and 9:20 p.m.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1225 Main Street, 256-1050

"McQ" starring John Wayne. (Snore) Shows are at 1:15, 3:00, 5:10, 7:20, and 9:20 p.m.

"Mean Streets" with Franco Nero starts March 1. We heard that this one is good—so when John Wayne leaves us (thank God!), we'll have a peace offering. Call the theatre for times.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"Bootleggers" with Slim Pickens. Need we say more? Don't bother to waste your time...Shows at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

Late show Friday and Saturday (Feb. 22 and 23) will be "An Evening of Nostalgia II", two hours of teevee from the '50's at 11:15 p.m. Fee is \$2 per person if you're a Howdy Doody buff.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Run Strangers, Run" with Ronny Howard (of "American Graffiti") and "Andy of Mayberry". We don't know nothing about this one. Shows at 12:40, 2:20, 5:40, 7:20, and 9:00 p.m.

Lateshow Friday and Saturday nights (Feb. 22 and Feb 23) is "Myra Breckinridge". Yep, this may be your big chance to see Raquel Welch raping somebody. Rated X.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall Shopping Center, 782-2228

"The Way We Were" is still holding for a while. See Barbra Streisand nab Robert Redford and then force him to leave. Lots of hankies and popcorn are needed for this one. Showtimes are 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 p.m. Rated PG.

CAMPUS FILMS

All films at the University of South Carolina's Russell House Theatre are free to USC students, faculty, and administrative staff (except for those films whose rentals are high enough to merit charging). Some of the best films in Columbia appear here, so find yourself a willing student if you aren't one.

Thursday and Friday, February 21 and 22

"Lady Sings the Blues" with Diana Ross playing the late blues singer Billie Holiday. The life story of her bouts with her husband, her never-ending heroin addiction and her struggles between a career and a husband, (and at least 20 subplots) is a little over-glamorized, but still pretty good. Diana Ross is superb—she's her own lady.

Sunday, February 24

"Our Hospitality and Harold Lloyd Shorts". Shows at 7 and 9:30 p.m.

Monday, February 25

"An Autumn Afternoon". Shows at 7 and 9:30 p.m.

Tuesday, February 26

"Fires on the Plain." and "Rite of Love and Death". Call the Russell House for times.

Wednesday, February 27

"The Seven Samurai". Shows at 7 and 9:30 p.m.

Thursday and Friday, February 28 and March 1

"Greaser's Palace". Fee will be \$1.00. Shows at 7 and 9:30 p.m.

television

Saturday, February 23

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "Hitchhike!" with Cloris Leachman and Michael Brandon. This one has been unpreviewed, but Cloris Leachman should be fine in this one about

a middle-aged vacationer who picks up a young man who has just killed his stepmother. (Okkkay...) (Channel 25)

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "Alexander Nevsky" is Sergei Eisenstein's epic-spectacle set in 13th century Russia about a Russian John Wayne who rallies his people against the Teutonic warriors. A high point of the film is "a stirring battle on the ice of Lake Peipus, set to a score by Prokofiev." Should be good viewing. (Channel 35)

10:00 p.m.—Special. "Women in Prison". Women prisoners are interviewed at various facilities in Ohio, West Virginia, and California and are filmed at work and recreation. There are also interviews with prison officials and a report on a community-correction project in Iowa. Ann Medina is the correspondent. 25)

11:00 p.m.—Movie. "The War of the Worlds" (1953) with Gene Barry and Ann Robinson. You've probably heard about this one a lot—it's about an attack on earth by Martians. (Channel 19)

Sunday, February 24

11:00 p.m.—Movie. "The Temptress" (1926) with Greta Garbo at her most seductive and beautiful. This is a silent melodrama starring the Swedish vamp and Antonio Moreno. (Channel 35)

Monday, February 25

8:00 p.m.—Special. "The Unquiet Death of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg" is a documentary follow-up (well, everyone seems interested in them today since they were executed during the early McCarthy era—Roy Cohn got his start during this trial) to the dramatization of their case. (Channel 35)

Tuesday, February 26

9:00 p.m.—Basketball with N.C. State playing North Carolina in one of the biggest Atlantic Coast Conference games of the year (this according to gardening and sports editor James L. Walser). (Channel 10)

9:00 p.m.—Town Meeting's subject tonight is Nuclear Power in South Carolina. There will be a filmed interview with Ralph Nader. Experts and concerned citizens (you can call in and present YOUR views, too) will battle it out. (Channel 35)

Wednesday, February 27

11:30 p.m.—Special. "Marilyn Remembered" Monroe memorabilia and old friends will be shown in this 1964 documentary on the late great MM. (Channel 25)

Thursday, February 28

10:00 p.m.—Bill Moyers Journal has Big Bill talking with Lillian Hellman, author of "Pentimento," an autobiographical collection. (Channel 35)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "Sunday in New York" about a woman with no eyes for marriage. With Jane Fonda and Rod Taylor. (1964—so Jane looks sweet and sexy). (Channel 19)

Friday, March 1

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "The Sweet Ride" with Jacqueline Bisset getting raped and Michael Sarrazin out for vengeance—otherwise, it's pretty boring. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m.—In Concert has Peter Yarrow, Jackson Browne, Linda Ronstadt, James Brown. (Channel 25)

1:00 a.m.—Midnight Special has Peter Yarrow (he's all over the place tonight) with Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show, the Stylistics, Al Wilson and Foghat and Uncle Crusty (whaaaaatttt?) (Channel 10)

music

The Copper Door on Rosewood Drive and Woodrow Street's corner, will present "Bob Seeger and Band" (formerly The Seeger System of a few years back) on Saturday night, February 23. Cover charge is \$4.

specials

Craft show and sale will be presented at the Memorial Youth Center on Blossom Street on Saturday, March 2. The sale will consist of all types of handmade crafts and baked goods and will last from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Anyone wishing to sell their arts and crafts may rent a table for \$3—the proceeds are all yours. Reservations should be made as soon as possible by calling the Center at 254-7073. A refreshment bar will be open for a light lunch.

Open House at The Bosom, 709 Santee Avenue (just behind the Winn Dixie) in Five Points will be Sunday, February 24 from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. If you missed last week's issue, this is your chance to see what it's like at a drug rehabilitation center. Free refreshments will be offered. Come on down...

art

A lecture on Victorian glass presented at the Columbia Museum of Art by Hugh Wakefield who is Keeper of the Department of Circulation of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London (England). The lecture will be held 8:30 p.m. Monday, February 25, 1974 at the Science Auditorium of the Museum, 158 1519 Senate Street.

politics

Bryan Dorn, South Carolina congressman and candidate for the governorship, will address the USC-Spartanburg student body at 10 a.m., Monday, Feb. 25, in the school's gym. The public is invited to attend and meet the candidate personally. Dorn will tour the campus and be presented with a petition calling for higher veterans benefits from the members of the Veterans Student League. Come on up to see one of our representatives—and maybe the next governor...

theatre

Grease, the hit (new) Fifties rock 'n roll musical will be presented at the Charleston Municipal Auditorium on Wednesday, February 27th at 8:30 p.m. Tickets are \$7, \$6, and \$5. If you're down on the Bat'ry...

Fortune and Men's Eyes, the bitter and controversial documentary on the degradation and brutality in a reformatory will be presented by Workshop Theatre on February 24. Directed by Jim E. Quick, you will find it a shocking and mind-boggling comment on "the inequities of today's penal system." This one should be fantastic. Call Workshop Theatre for showtimes and ticket details.

speeches

Jeanne Dixon, the seeress who has made headlines around the world with her predictions about people and events (and a pile of money for her columns and books) will speak in a program sponsored by the Clemson University Speakers Bureau. Clemson has consistently had the most interesting speakers ever seen at a college in South Carolina. Time for the speech will be 7 p.m. on Feb. 26 in Tillman Hall Auditorium. Open to the public—and yes, admission is free.

Wilma Scott Heide, president of the National Organization for Women, will speak on the topic "SHE is Risen" at Clemson University's Daniel Hall Auditorium at 7 p.m., Feb. 26. Some of Ms. Heide's quotable quotes include "The only jobs for which no man is qualified are human incubator and wet nurse. The only job for which no woman is qualified is sperm donor." Two against one, ha! She's a fascinating speaker, so if you're in the mood and up that way, go on in to see her.

Edited by Julie Byrum